

## For the Children

### DADDY'S POCKETS.

Kate C. Grinstead.

I've a rocking horse and sled,  
A little wagon, painted red;  
A spinning top, a rubber ball—  
Indeed, I don't know just what all.

Indoors and out of doors I play  
And romp about the live-long day;  
And when it's late and time for tea,  
I'm just as tired as I can be.

And mama takes me on her lap  
And gives my cheek a little slap,  
And says I am her Ducky Lam',  
I'm happy as a bird, I am.

When down the street I chance to spy  
My dad, why, then you bet I fly;  
I go as fast as I can run,  
And dad, he says, "Why, hello, son!"

And takes my hand, while I  
Just touch his pockets on the sly,  
And peep inside enough to see  
If anything is there for me.

And when they bulge a tiny bit,  
It seems as if I'll have a fit.  
And when we get inside the door,  
Dad swings me up from off the floor,

And says, "kiddo, have you been good  
And minded mama as you should?"  
"I's been as good as I can be,"  
And mama's sure then to agree.

In his pockets daddy fumbles,  
In my lap a package tumbles,  
And then I peep inside and see  
A lot of goodies there for me.

I asks 'em to take some, and they  
Just take a little bit and say  
I am their "sweetest ducky lam'"—  
I'm happy as a bird, I am.

Lexington, Va.

### LOST IN THE WOODS.

"We're lost!" exclaimed Ethel. "We're lost! I nevers saw this little creek before."

"We're lost, we're lost!" echoed Ruth. "Oh, I want to go back, I want to go back!" and she set up a very dismal cry.

Billy said nothing, but it came over him suddenly that he was the only boy, and the oldest of the three besides, and that if his little cousins reached camp before dark, he must find the way for them. If they were not in before dark, then the men would take Watch and some lanterns, and Watch would put his nose close to the ground, just as if he were smelling a rabbit, and he would follow their trails and find them. Watch could do that, he knew. But it was not pleasant to think of spending even a part of the long night all alone by themselves in the big, dark woods, and so Billy thought hard.

"All holler!" he said. "One, two, three, now!"

And they shouted—even little Ruth, whose voice was choked with a sob.

"Now listen," he directed.

They listened, but there was no answer, only the chatter of a squirrel on a branch above and the "Caw, caw!" of the crows, as if they were making fun of them.

"Try again," he said.

And again they shouted and listened, and no answer came.

Ruth began to cry once more; Ethel's chin was quivering and her eyes full of tears, and Billy saw clearly that if he showed a moment's weakening, there would be a panic.

"Papa told me," he began, his voice very even and unconcerned, "that if I ever got lost in the woods, I must holler first, and then if nobody answered, I must make a 'base' by tying my handkerchief to a bush, and then keep trying different directions until I found the right path. But he said I mustn't go far, and keep turning back to the base, and to holler every time I came back."

The others began to look more hopeful.

"Now this," he went on, tying his handkerchief to a bush, "is our base, and whatever you do, you mustn't lose it. We'll go off, one one way and one another, and every step or two you must break over a bush, so you can find your way back to the handkerchief. You see, the underside of the leaves are a different color, so you can see them right away. Just go a little way, and then, if you don't find a path or anything, you must follow back and start over. It'll be lots easier for three than for one, because we can holler to each other. Now—"

"But we can't do that!" exclaimed Ethel.

"Why not?"

"Why, Ruth is too little and she is too tired. We've walked a long way, and—and if we leave her alone, she'll cry."

That was all very true, and Billy thought again.

"She'll have to stay at the base," he said. "But—now—I'll tell you," as there came a brilliant idea, "she must sing, good and loud; then we can't lose the place. See, Ruth!" and he explained.

Ruth nodded a grave approval of the suggestion, and then complacently sat down upon a moss-grown log.

"I've sing 'Ve Friend of Little Chil'ren'," she said. "I've heard it in ve Sabbath-school; all ve verses. Good-bye."

She waved her hand, and as Billy and Ethel disappeared into the undergrowth, breaking bushes and calling now and then, they heard behind them the voice of little Ruth, singing in the lonely woods:

"Vere's a Friend of little' chil'ren,  
Above ye bright blue sky,  
A Friend who never changes,  
Whose love vill never die."

A couple of rods away, Billy climbed upon a stump to get a wider view, but all looked unfamiliar. There were the trees and flowers that were the same in all parts of the woods; there was the calling of the cows, who must have known where the camp was, and who